

Saga™

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN FIONA STAPLES

CHAPTER
ONE



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CHAPTER

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SAGA

WRITTEN BY
BRIAN K. VAUGHAN

ART BY
FIONA STAPLES

LETTERS + DESIGN BY
FONOGRAFIKS

COORDINATED BY
ERIC STEPHENSON

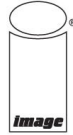


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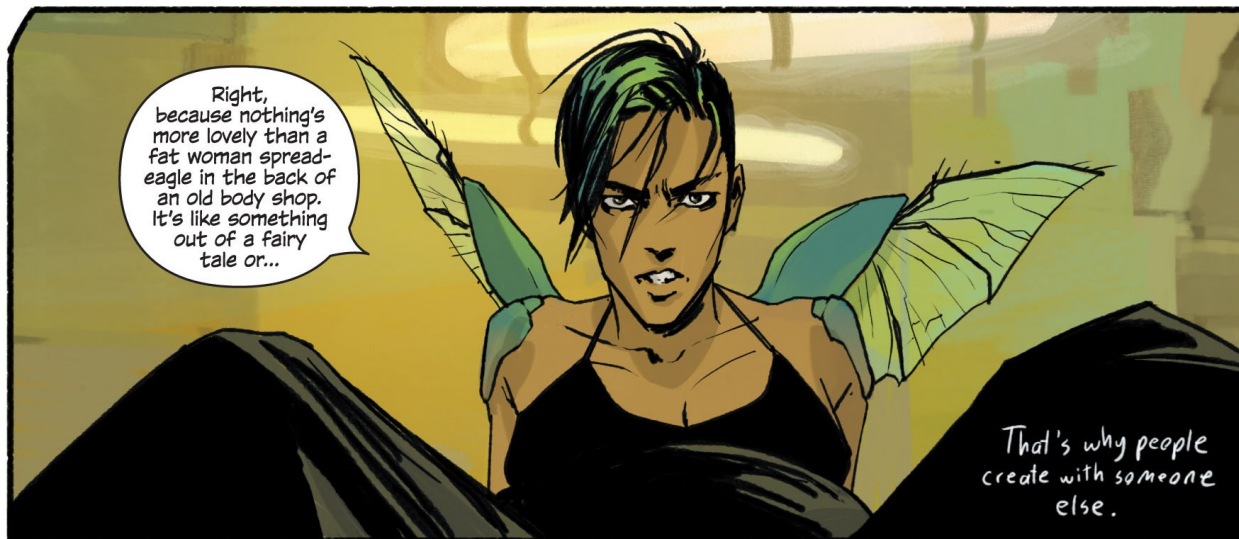
This is how an idea becomes real.



Am I
shitting?

It feels
like I'm
shitting!





Right, because nothing's more lovely than a fat woman spread-eagle in the back of an old body shop. It's like something out of a fairy tale or...

That's why people create with someone else.



AHHHN
HOLY
FUCK!

Do you need a healing spell? We agreed, Alana! No shame in managing pain!

Two minds can sometimes improve the odds of an idea's survival...



It ~ehn~ doesn't hurt at all. It... it feels good.

Is it sick that it ~ehn~ feels so good?



... but there are no guarantees.



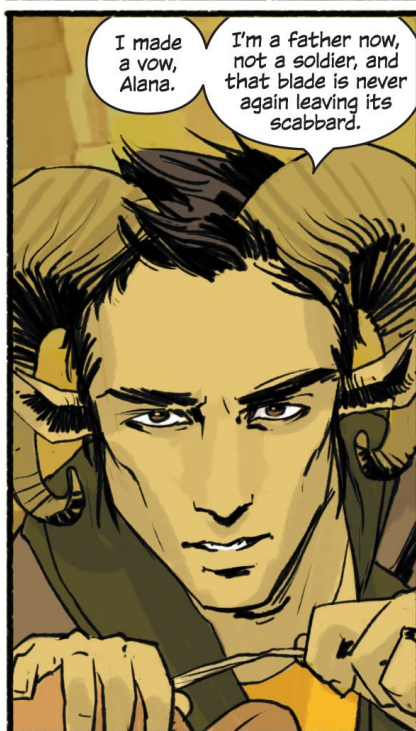
You're crying. You never cry.

What's wrong? Marko, what is it...?

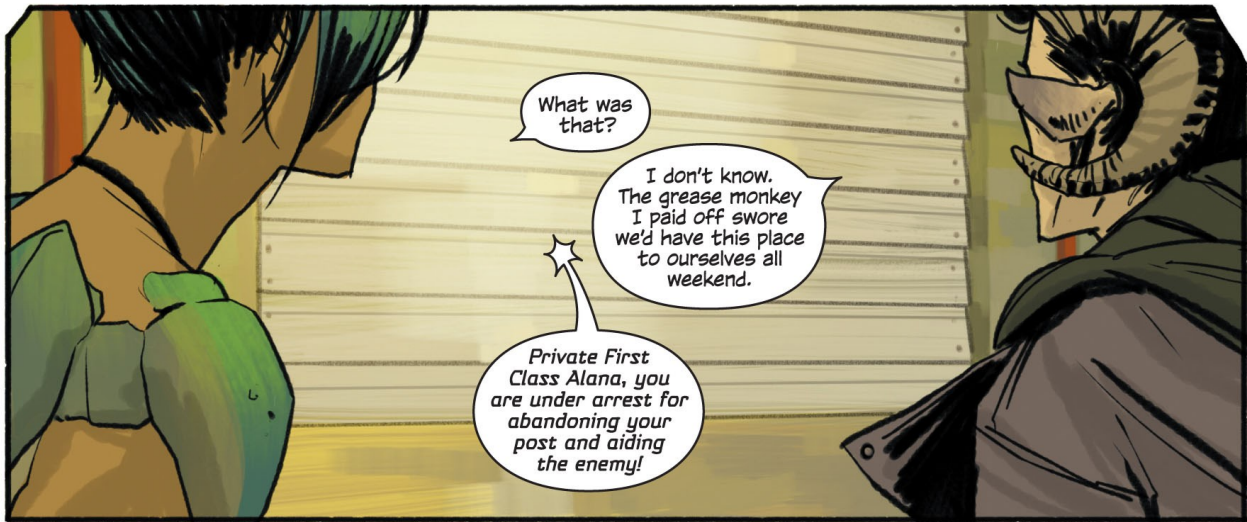
It's a
girl.

Anyway, this
is the day I was
born.



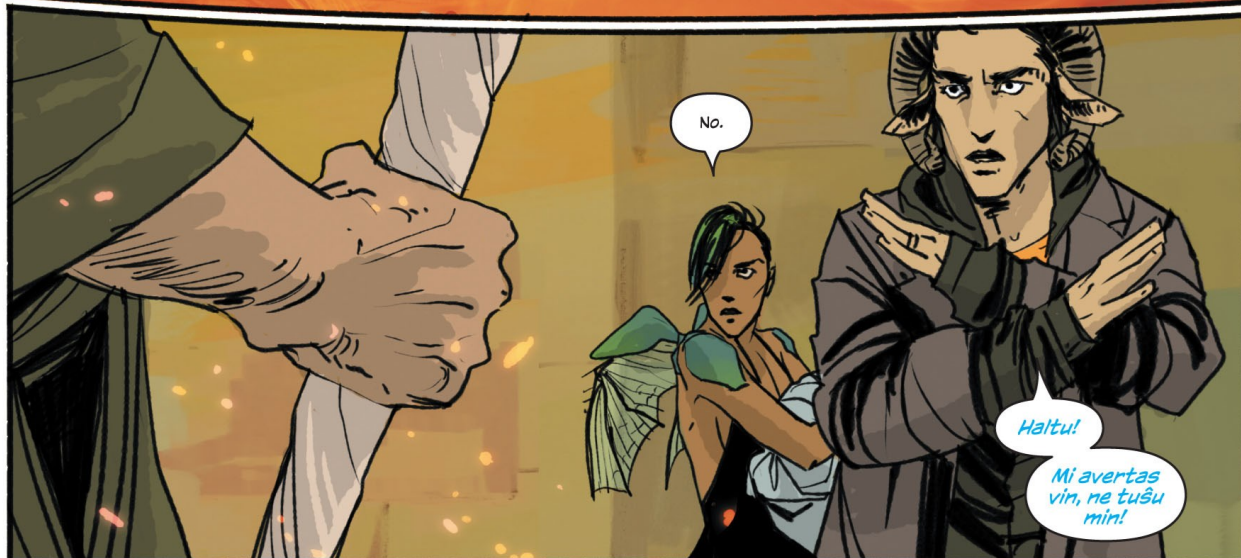
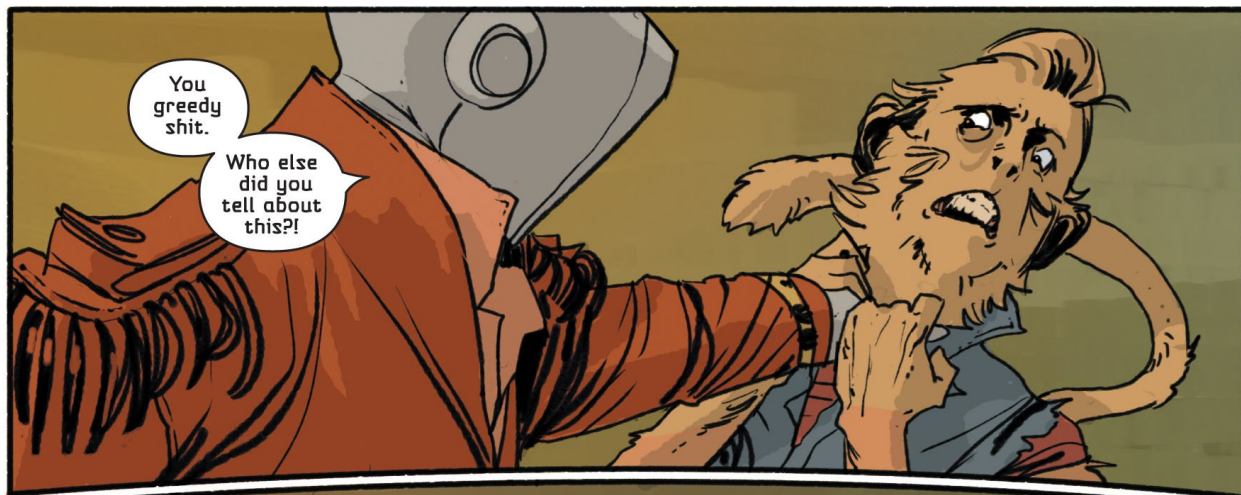




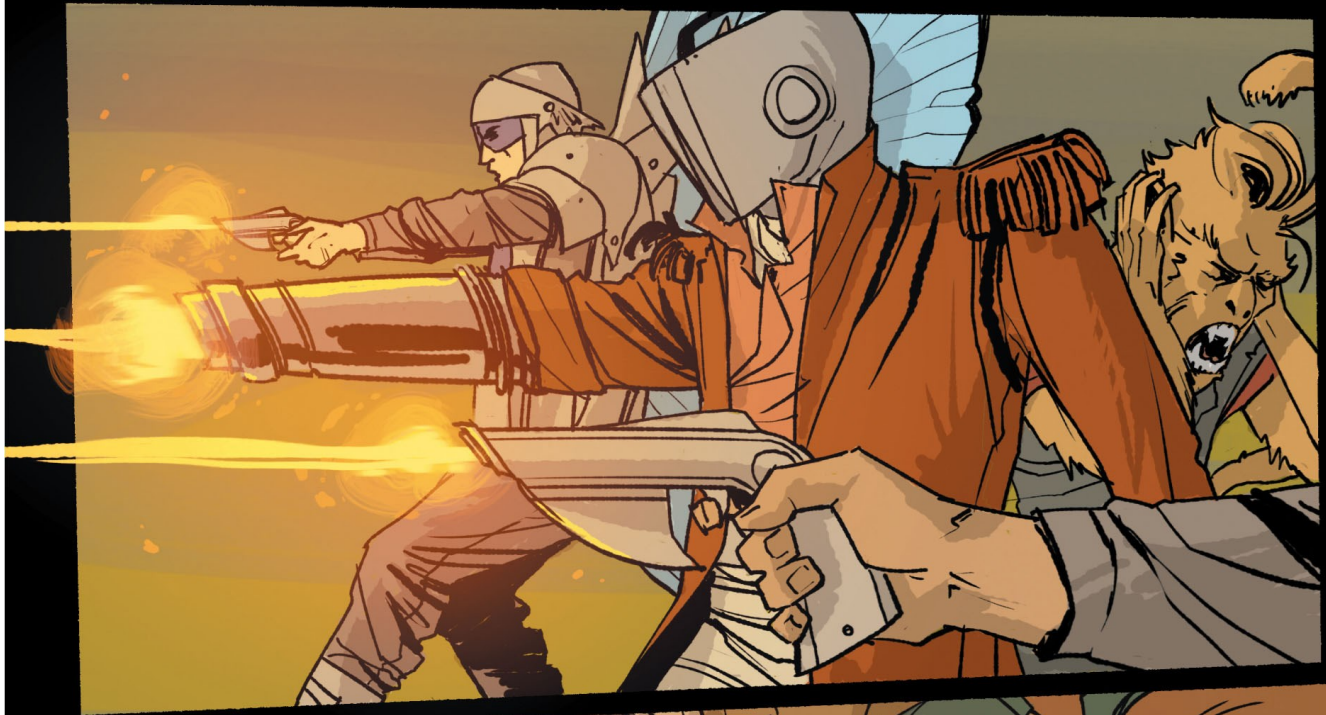


















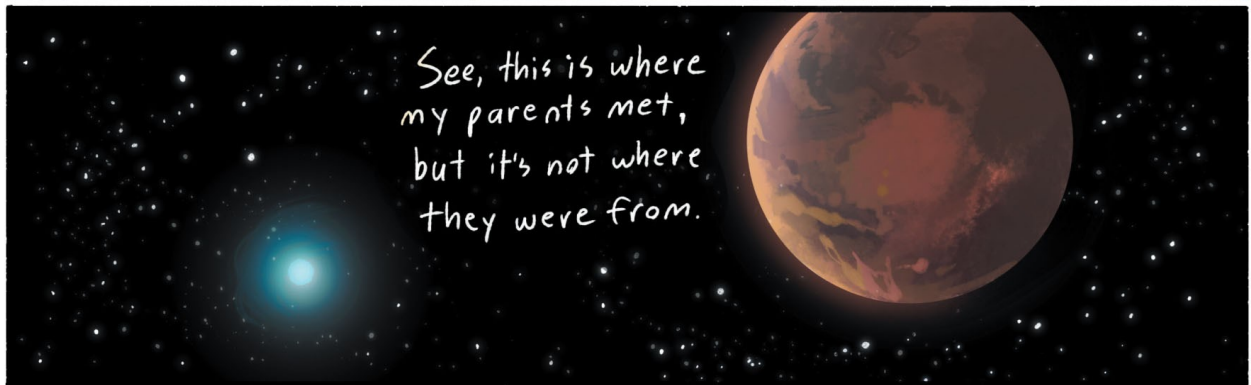
I was born on a planet called CLEAVE,
an ancient ball of mud circling a
faded old star.



It never had much strategic value, but
the place still mattered. To me, anyway.



See, this is where
my parents met,
but it's not where
they were from.



They grew up way over here, back where the war began. ↗





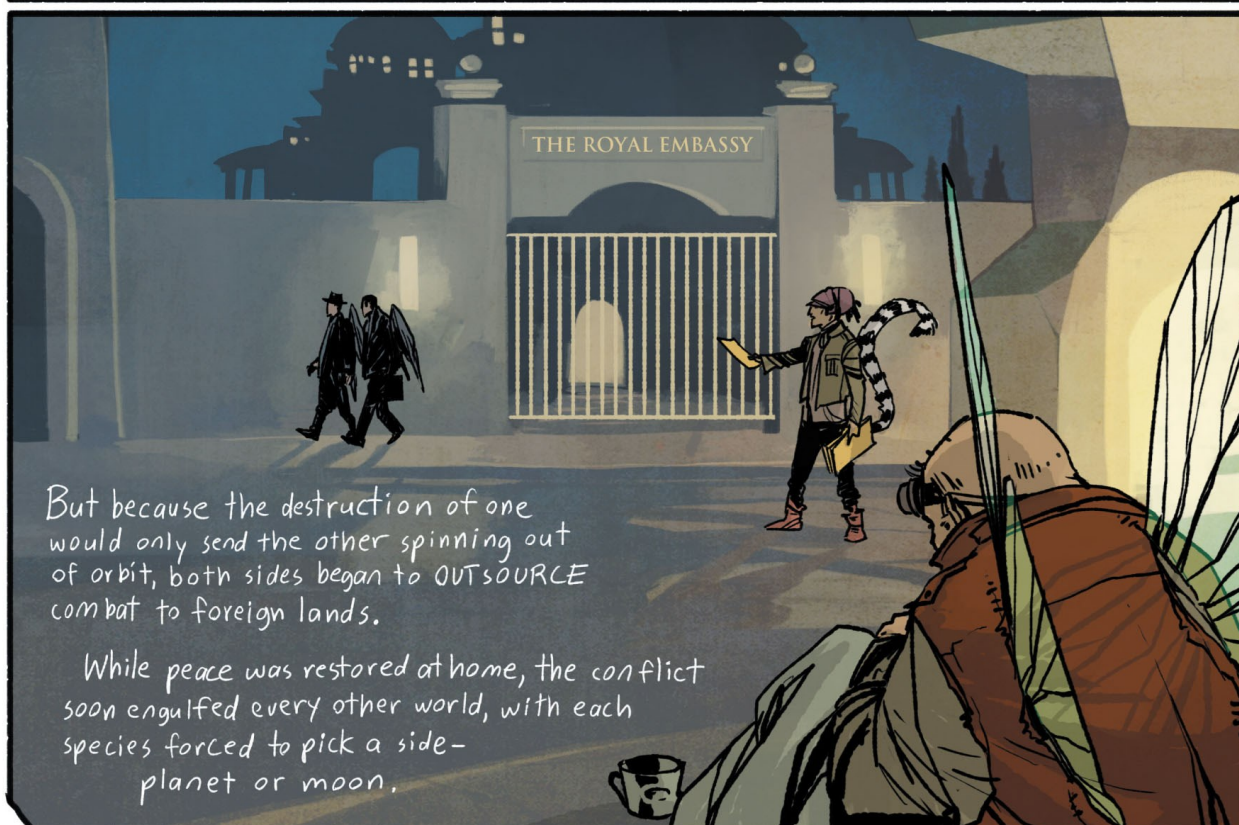
This is LANDFALL, largest planet in the galaxy,
and also my mother's home.

Its one and only satellite is WREATH,
my father's native moon.

If there was ever a time
these two got along, nobody
remembers it.



When the war with Wreath started, it was fought amidst the general population, in cities like this one, Landfall's capital.



But because the destruction of one would only send the other spinning out of orbit, both sides began to OUTSOURCE combat to foreign lands.

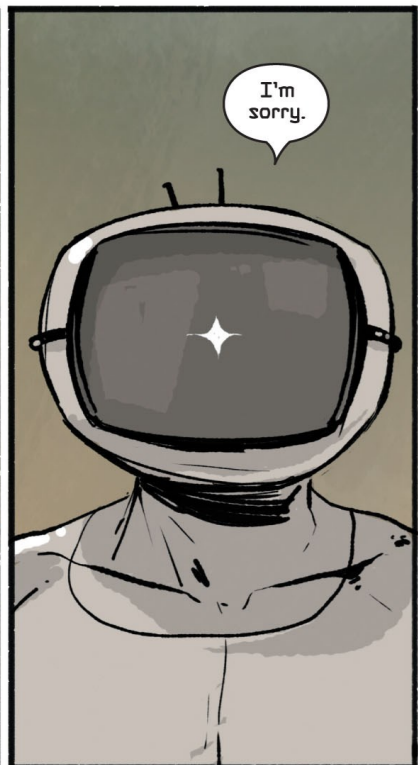
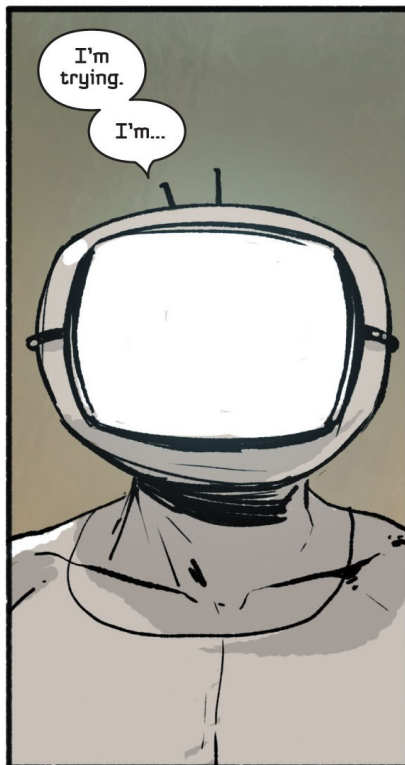
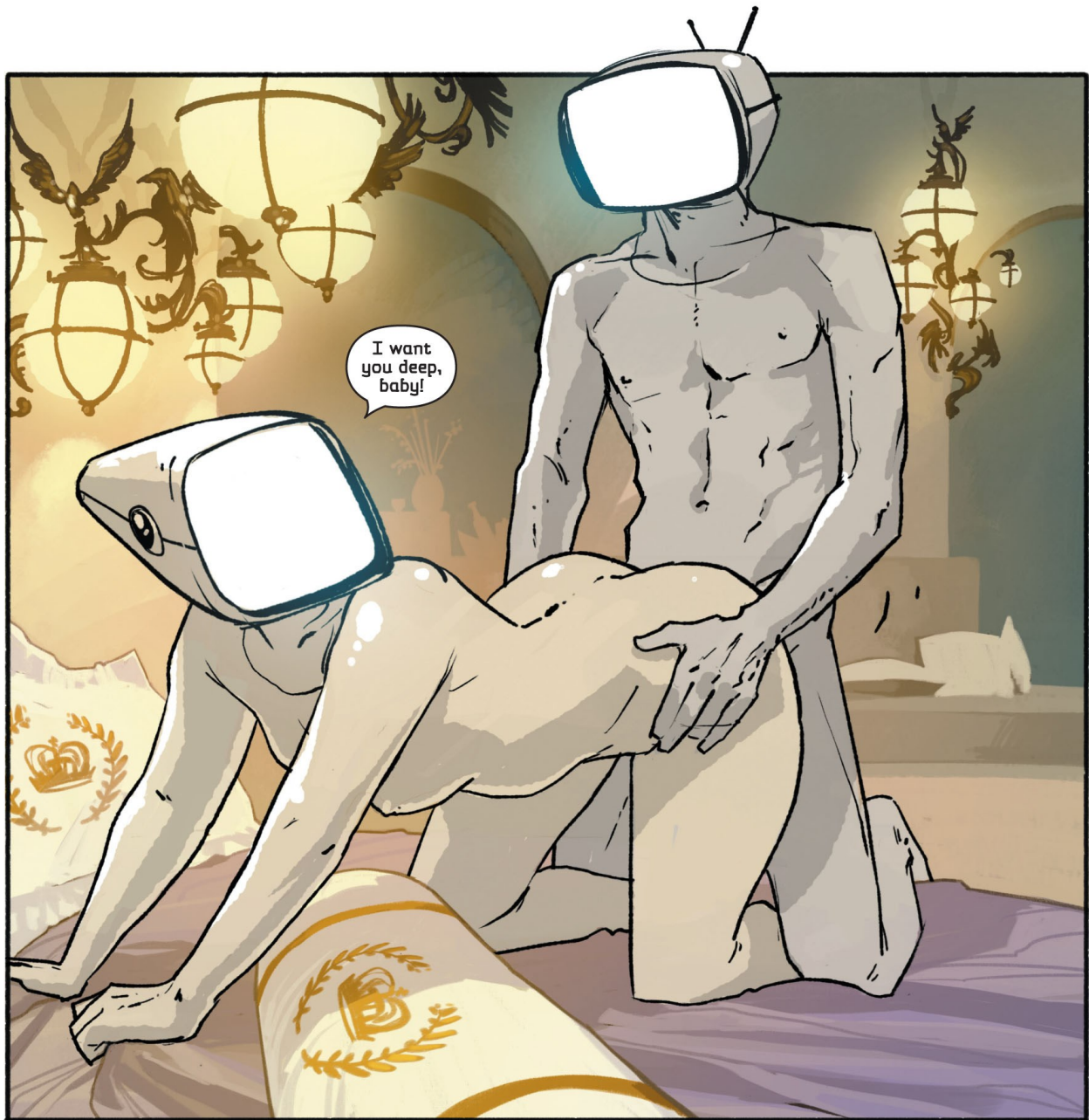
While peace was restored at home, the conflict soon engulfed every other world, with each species forced to pick a side—planet or moon.

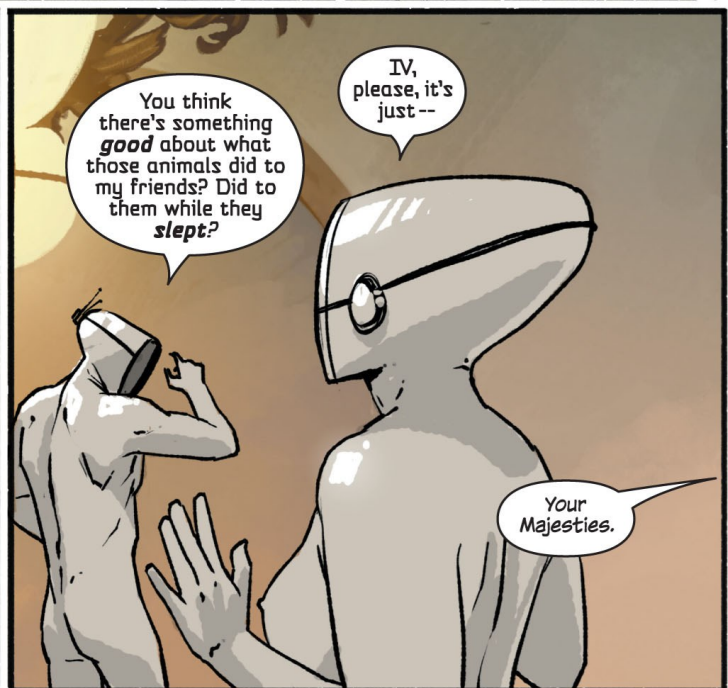
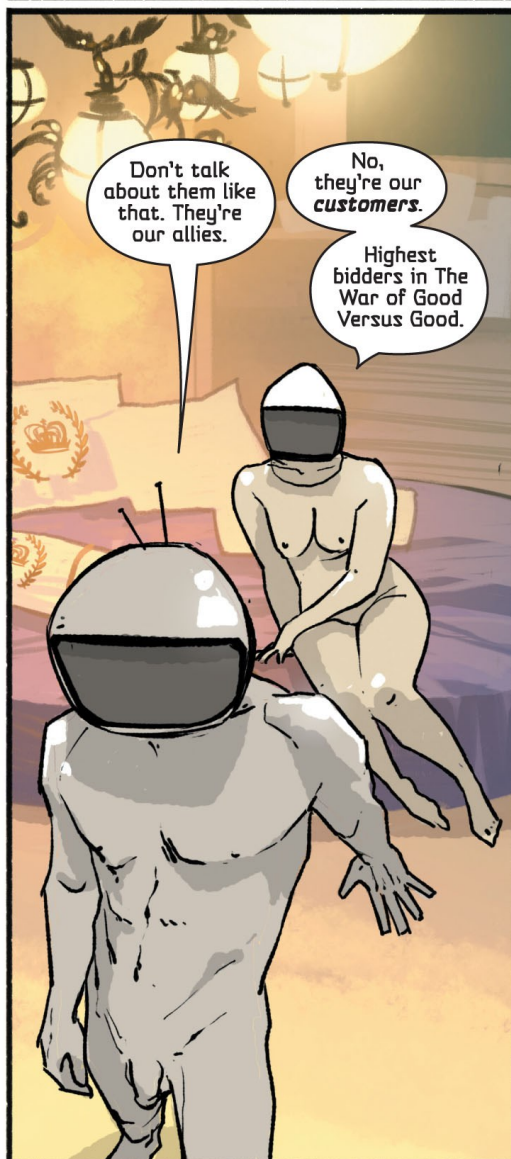
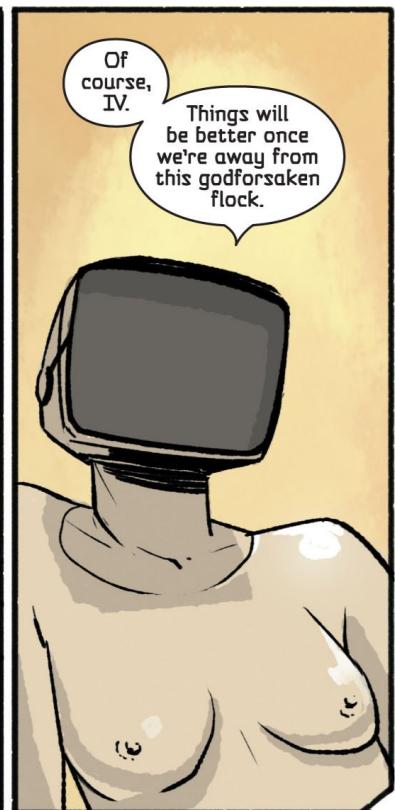
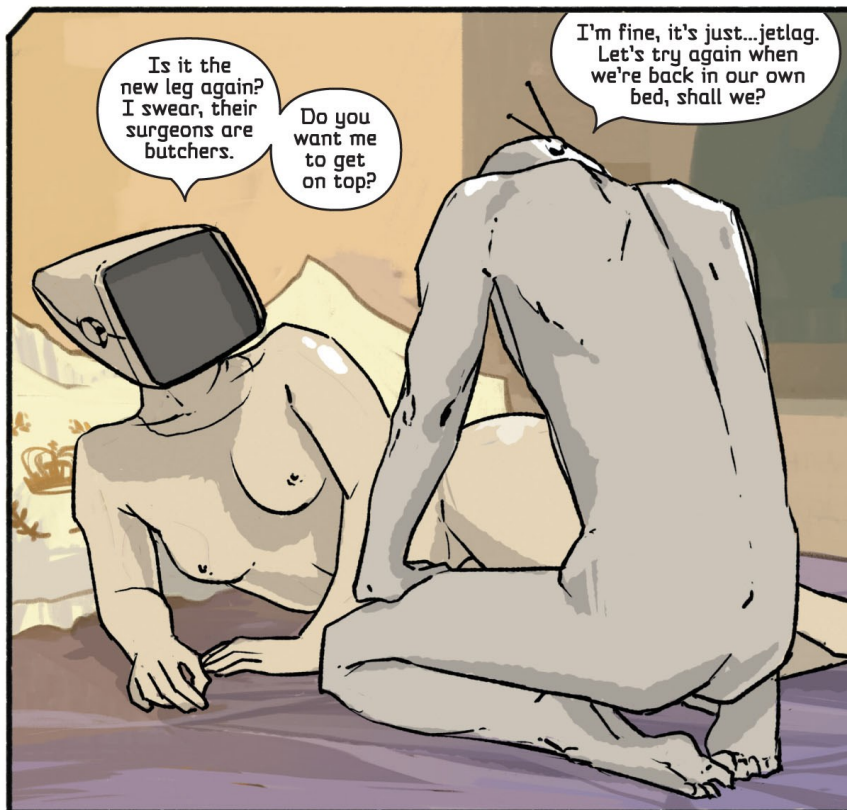


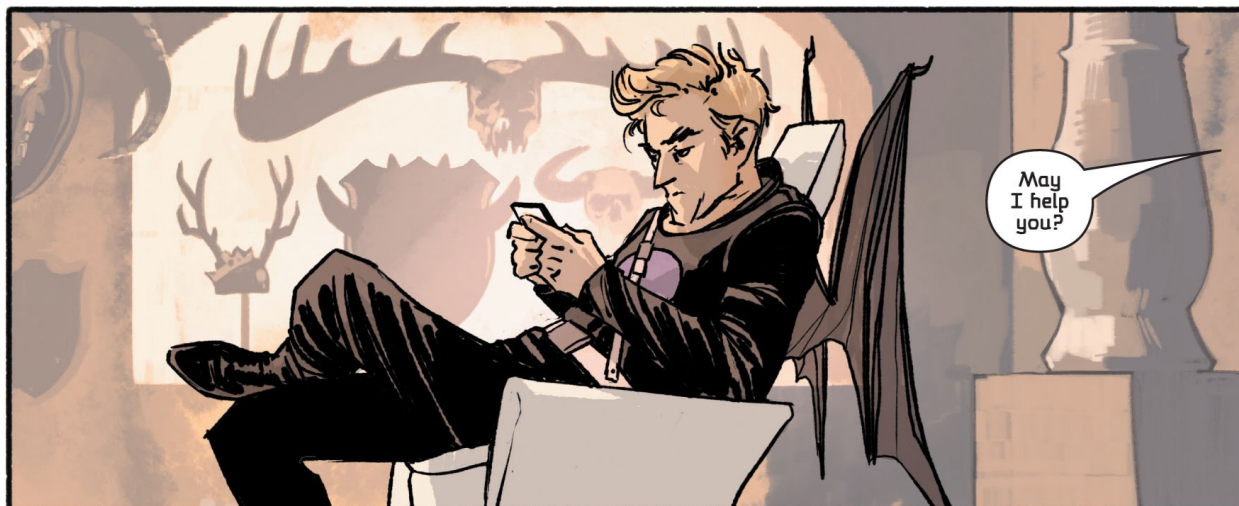
Some of the locals never stopped thinking about the battles being waged in their names on distant soil.

Most didn't really give a shit.

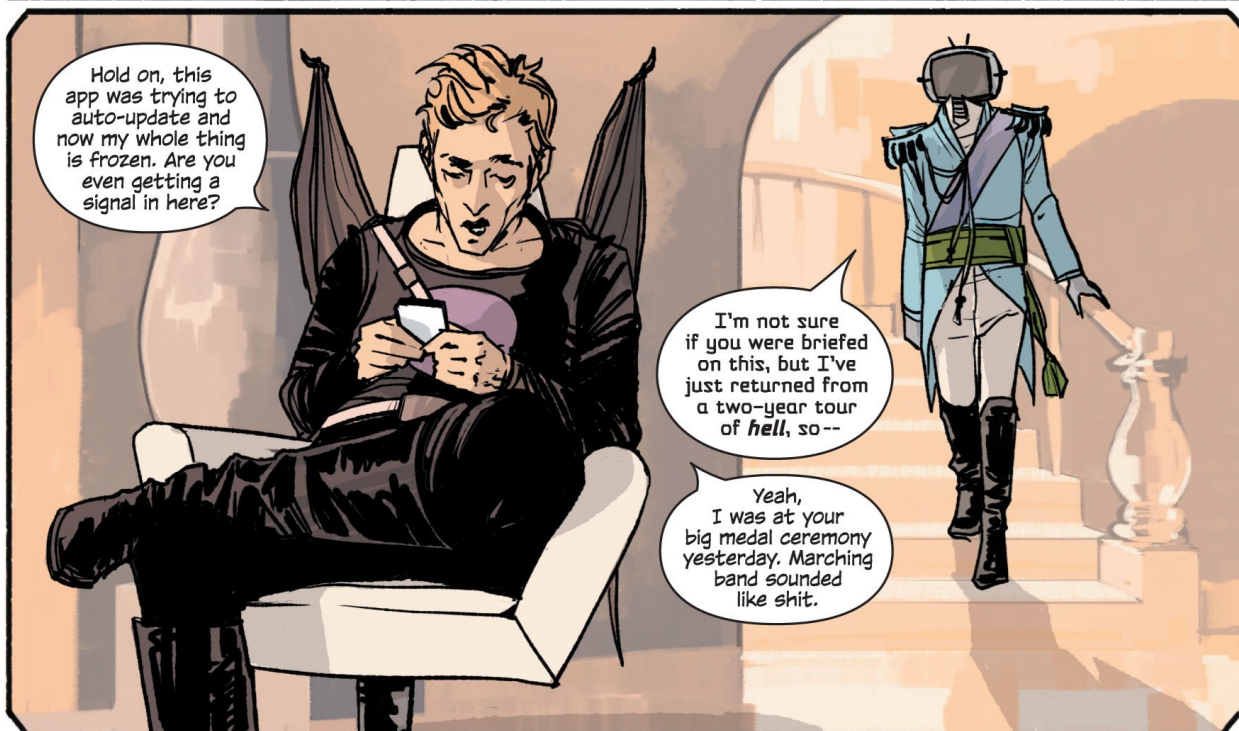
Deeper!







May I help you?



Hold on, this app was trying to auto-update and now my whole thing is frozen. Are you even getting a signal in here?

I'm not sure if you were briefed on this, but I've just returned from a two-year tour of hell, so--

Yeah, I was at your big medal ceremony yesterday. Marching band sounded like shit.



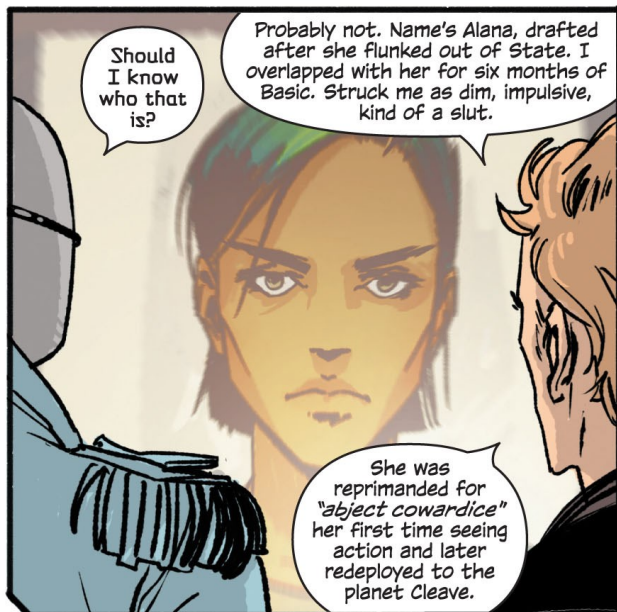
Special Agent Gale, Secret Intelligence.

Sorry, am I supposed to genuflect or something? I'm not up on my royalist protocols.

Look, what is this all about?



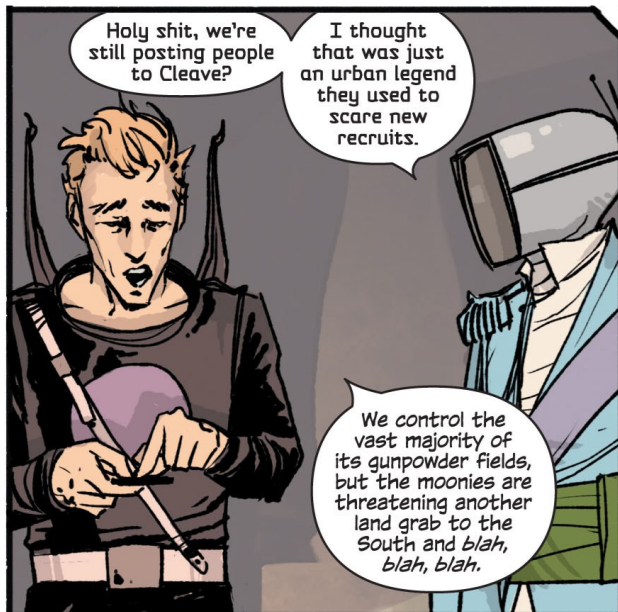
Her.



Should I know who that is?

Probably not. Name's Alana, drafted after she flunked out of State. I overlapped with her for six months of Basic. Struck me as dim, impulsive, kind of a slut.

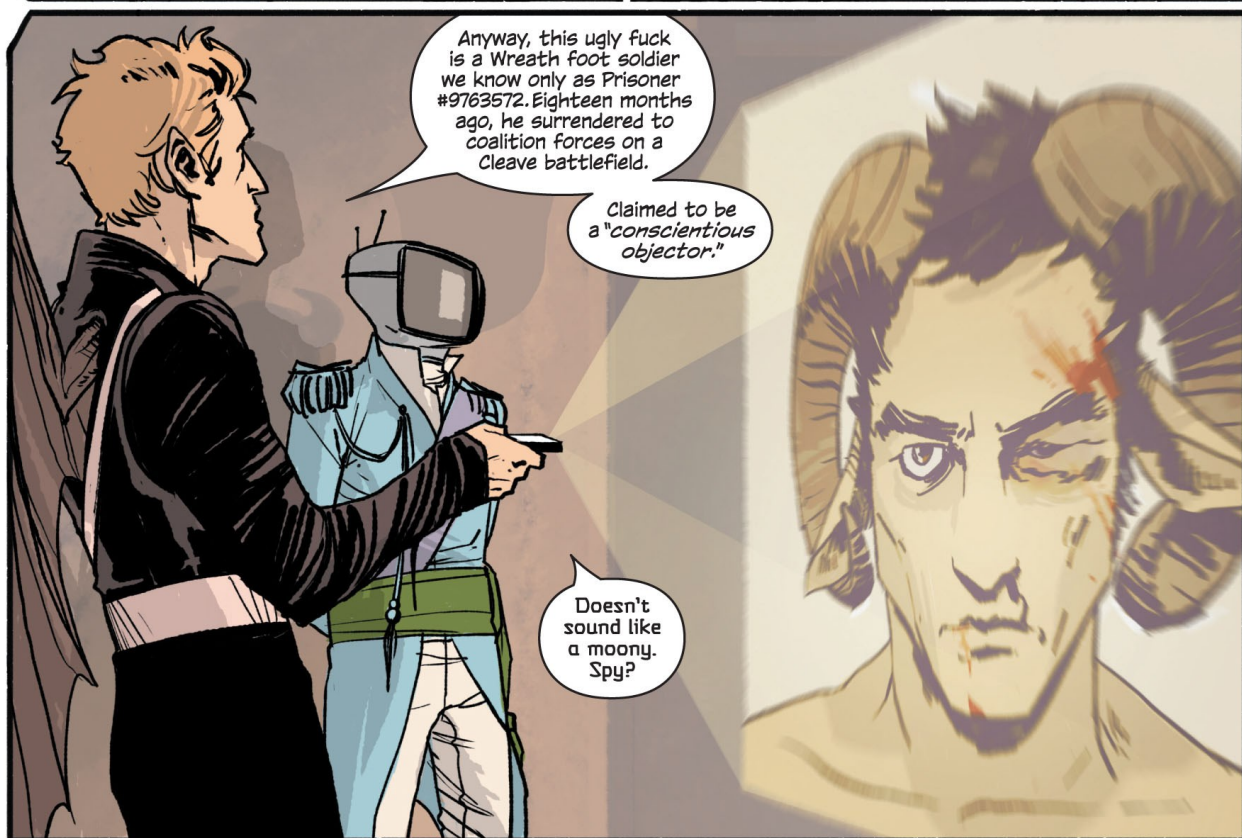
She was reprimanded for "object cowardice" her first time seeing action and later redeployed to the planet Cleave.



Holy shit, we're still posting people to Cleave?

I thought that was just an urban legend they used to scare new recruits.

We control the vast majority of its gunpowder fields, but the moonies are threatening another land grab to the South and blah, blah, blah.



Anyway, this ugly fuck is a Wreath foot soldier we know only as Prisoner #9763572. Eighteen months ago, he surrendered to coalition forces on a Cleave battlefield.

Claimed to be a "conscientious objector."

Doesn't sound like a moony. Spy?



That was our thinking, so we transferred him to a detention facility... where he was guarded by none other than Private First Class Alana.

Twelve hours later, they had both disappeared.

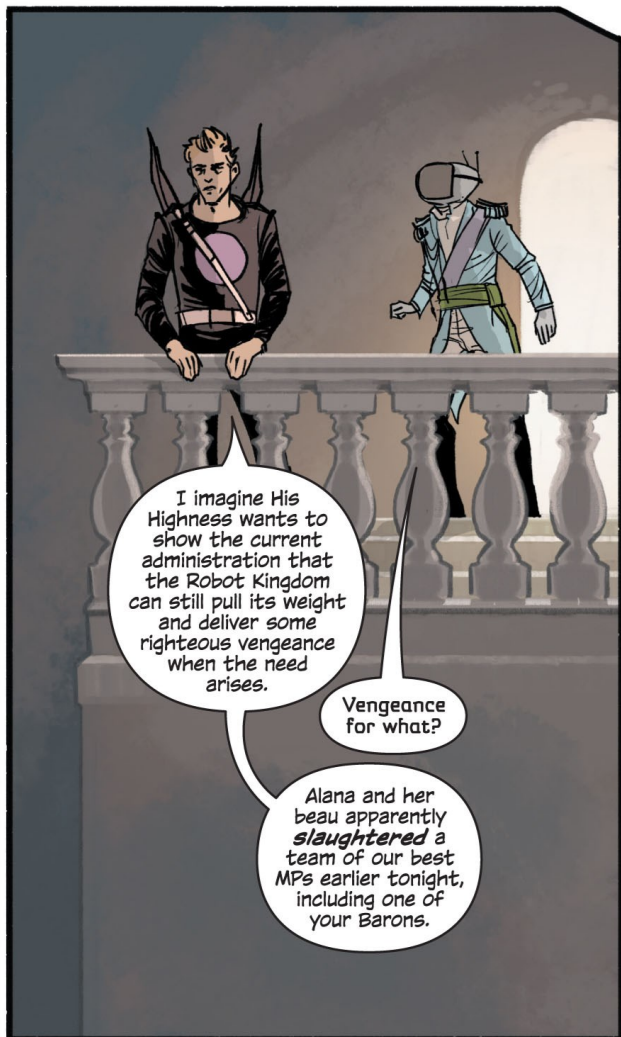




The King sent you?

But... I've already served my time! I just survived one of the worst sneak attacks in military history!

And yet, surviving isn't exactly *winning*.



I imagine His Highness wants to show the current administration that the Robot Kingdom can still pull its weight and deliver some righteous vengeance when the need arises.

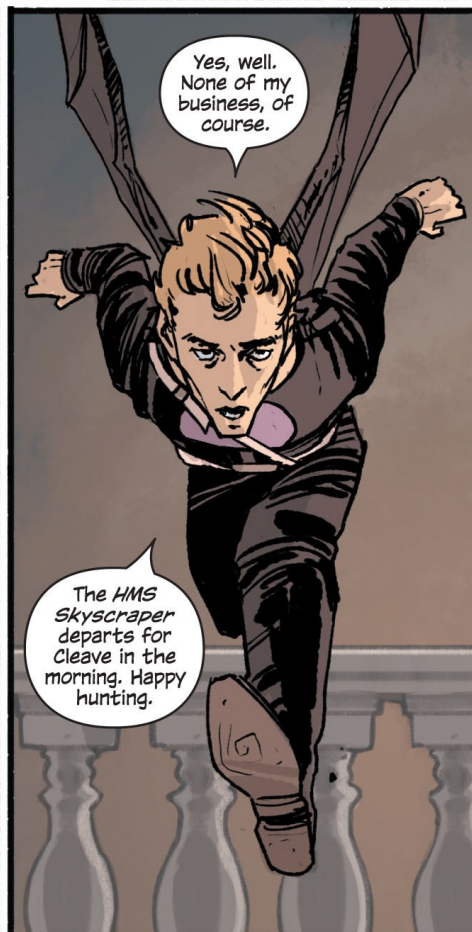
Vengeance for what?

Alana and her beau apparently *slaughtered* a team of our best MPs earlier tonight, including one of your Barons.



I don't understand.

I told my parents I wanted to start a *family* this year.



Yes, well. None of my business, of course.

The HMS Skyscraper departs for Cleave in the morning. Happy hunting.



From my very first day, I was pursued by men.

All of them tried to hurt me, but only one managed to break my heart.







"The Rocketship Forest?"

Are you kidding me?



This is exactly what we've been waiting for!

Alana, it's not real.

Says who? Most of this planet is still uncharted, even by the natives. And we've both seen weirder shit out here!



Even if spaceships *did* grow on trees, where would we take one?

There's no escaping this war. It's poisoned every last inch of the galaxy.



Then we find *another* galaxy. I've heard about draft dodgers getting offered sanctuary...

We're not draft dodgers, we're *deserters*. There's a difference.

Face it, our only choice is to lay low and stay out of trouble. We have a family to think about n--



Don't!

Don't you ever say those words to me!



Sorry.

But "we have a family to think about now" is the rallying cry of losers.



My old man threw his life away working a job he hated so he could "take care of his family."

In the end, it just turned him into a monster who treated us like crap the few times he was actually around.

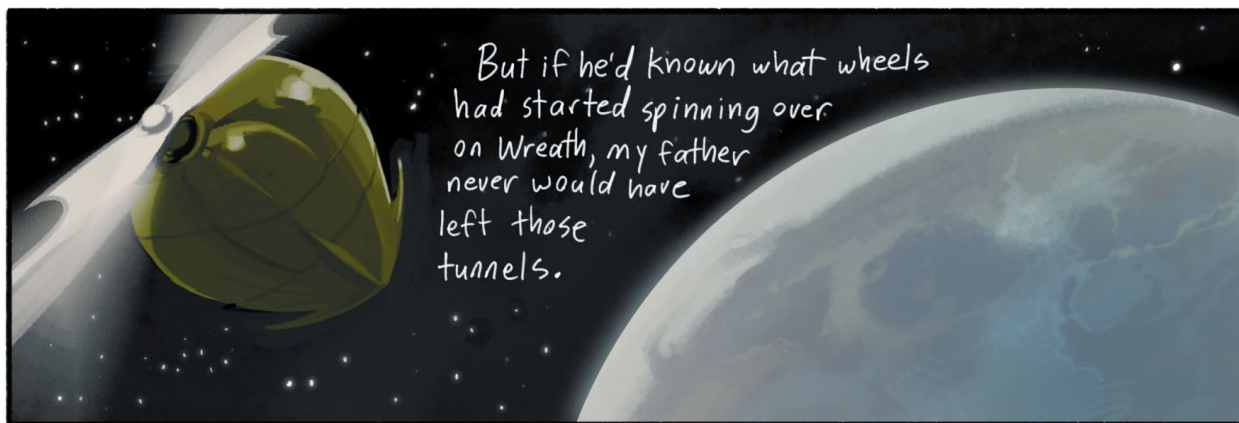
So what is it that you want, Alana?



I want to show our girl the universe.



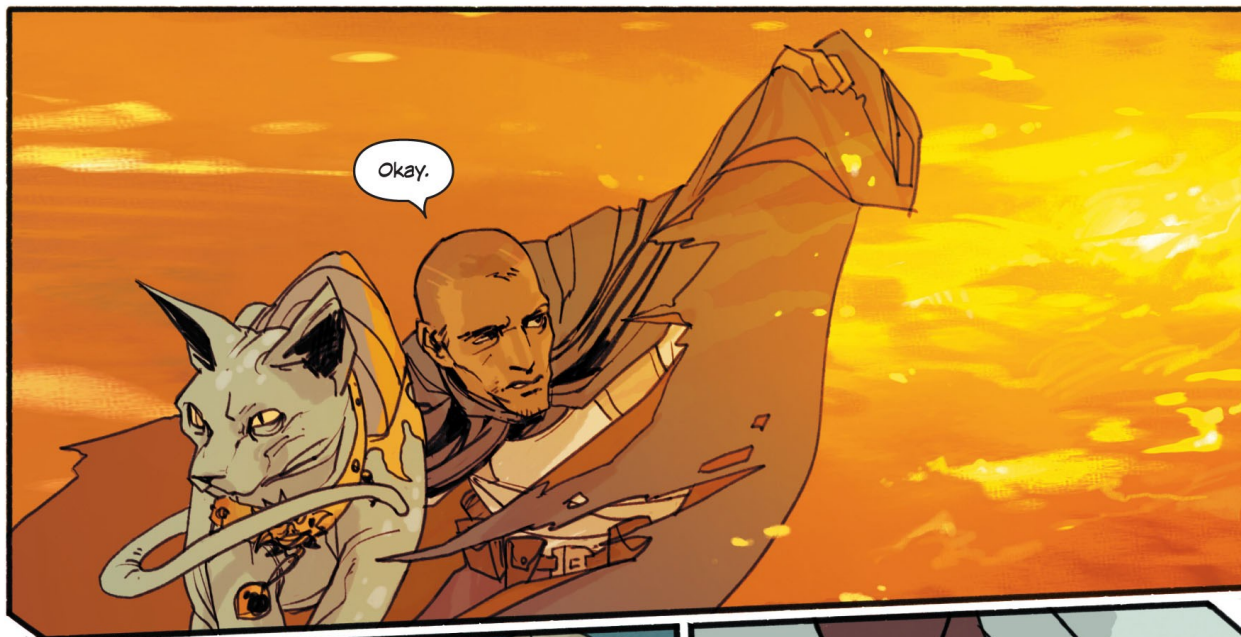
He just couldn't say no to her.

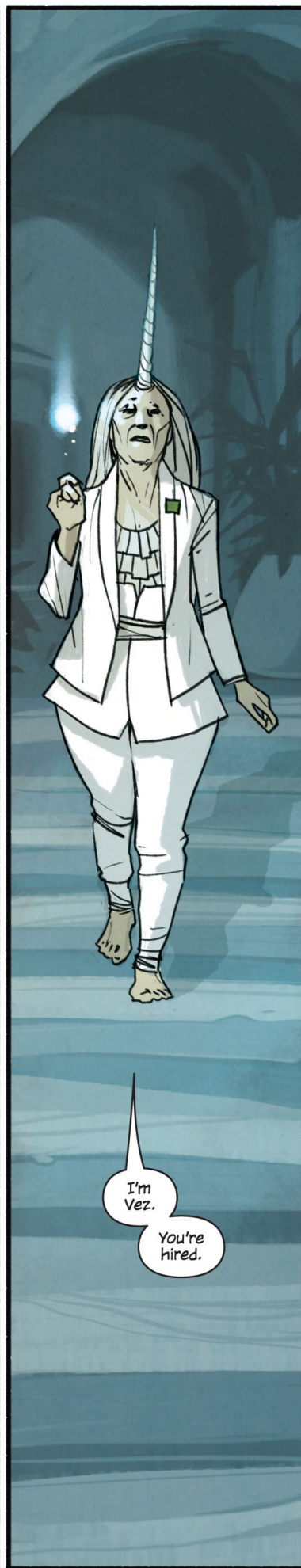


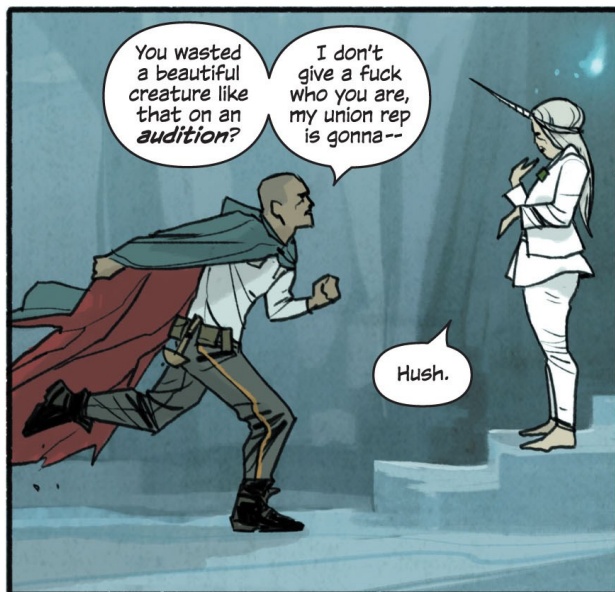


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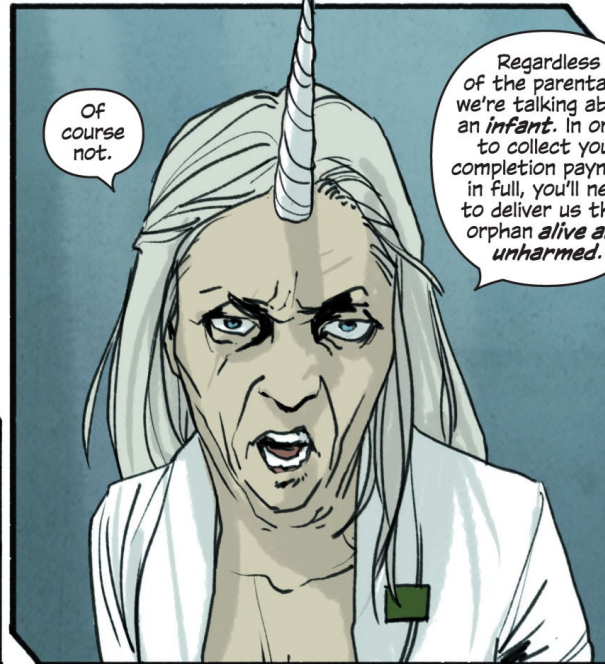
One last thing. If our intelligence is accurate, your targets may have already sired *offspring* together.



And?
You want me to drown the mongrel after I do its folks?



Of course not.



Regardless of the parentage, we're talking about an *infant*. In order to collect your completion payment in full, you'll need to deliver us their orphan *alive and unharmed*.



Good luck, The Will.

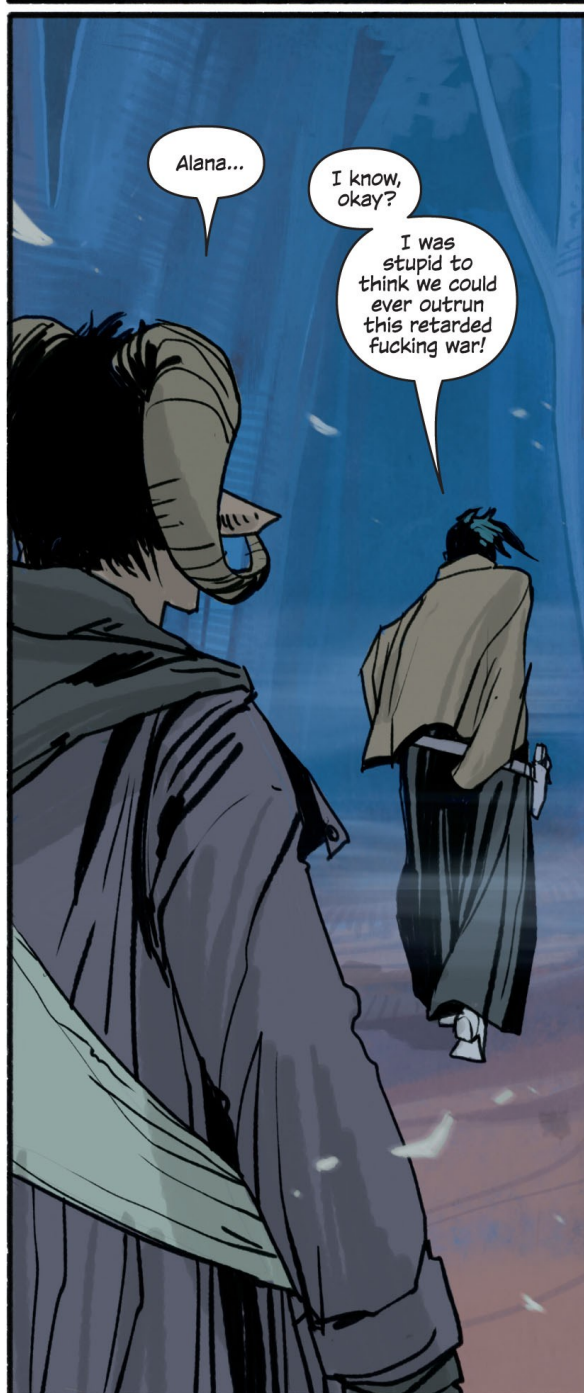


What kind of assholes bring a kid into worlds like these?











If you think I'm calling my daughter that, I want a divorce.

My name is Hazel.



Seriously?

Too corny?

I started out as an idea, but I ended up something more.



Not much more, to be honest. It's not like I grow up to become some great war hero or any sort of all-important savior...

Well, I do like something with an H.

We're getting close.

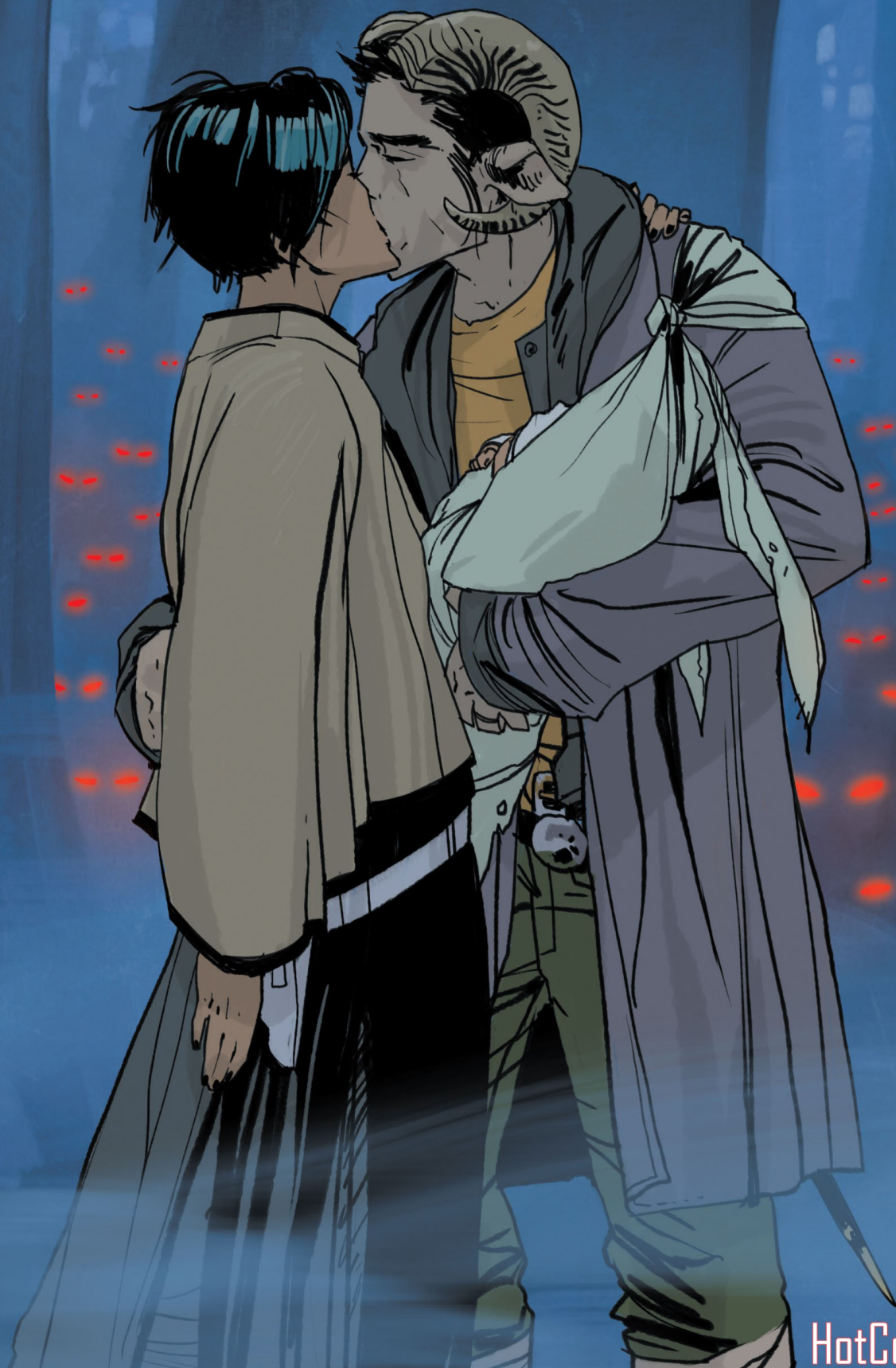
It's on the tip of my tongue.



...but thanks to these two, at least I get to grow old.

My breath is atrocious.

Not everybody does.



TO BE CONTINUED

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New comic series don't have fans, they have families, small groups of diverse people who band together to help keep alive some weird thing that matters only to them. So to those of you who finished this issue and think you might want more space helicopters and naked robots in your future... welcome to the tribe.

Saga was created with Fiona Staples, and I think her artwork speaks for itself. Along with painting all our covers, Fiona singlehandedly designs, draws and colors every single character, ship, and world in our series. She even hand-letters Hazel's occasional narration. All for you. As her patent-pending catchphrase goes, "*You can't make comics... without Staples!*" Do yourself a favor and follow [@fionastaples](#) on Twitter, then visit her website: [fionastaples.com](#).

I've been a fan of letterer Steven Finch ever since I saw a great mock paperback cover he created for *Ex Machina*, so he was a lock the second Image publisher Eric Stephenson suggested him for our crew. Steven's got a superb design sense, and his lettering makes even my shittiest banter look lovely. Be sure to check out more of his goodness at [fonografiks.com](#).

And my name's Brian. I spilled French onion soup in my wireless router and won't have internet access for the foreseeable ever, but I'd still love to do an old-school letter column at the end of each issue. So if you have something to share (especially if it has nothing to do with our series), and you live near an elderly person who can help walk you through the trials of physical post, please mail your notes to '*To Be Continued*' at the above address. Old Polaroids, cocktail recipes and terrible children's drawings especially welcomed. Sorry, as in life, nothing can be returned.

Oh, and please don't send story ideas or unpublished fiction; those'll be fed to the dachshund unread. And I'll presume all letters are okay for publication unless you specifically mark it 'PRIVATE,' in which case I'll keep your missive close to my heart before forwarding to the proper authorities. My arbitrarily picked favorite letter each chapter wins something from the Almighty Prize Drawer, so don't forget to write.

Thanks for reading,

BKV

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